The Story

They rose like thunder on a silent sea,
Chains shattering under torch-lit skies.
From blood and soil, they claimed the key
To freedom's promise, undying cries.

Once enslaved, now sovereign and bold,
They carved a story of fire and gold—
Yet half the story has not yet been told.

Today, the island wears a heavy crown,
With streets that echo in hunger's tone,
A nation cast by some as bound to drown,
A "failed state" they dare to disown.

Corruption coils like a whispered curse,
While storms of poverty and violence rage,
As though freedom's gift had turned perverse,
And history mocked their righteous page.

A country alone, its promises frayed,
In shadows of debts they never made.
Does this bleak present betray the old?
Half the story has not yet been told.

But who decides the measure of worth,
When truth is more than flesh and bone?
When freedom still lingers in the earth,
And seeds of resilience are quietly sown?

For while the world may scoff and scorn,
There are dreams in Haiti not yet born.
Through ruin and struggle, hearts still hold
The half of the story not yet told.

You

In a world where shadows chase the light,
And the streets whisper secrets through the night,
You walk alone, the battles in your mind,
Searching for peace but none to find.

They talk of justice, of what's right and true,
But when it falls apart, it's only you.
Promises break like glass under strain,
And you're left holding the pieces of pain.

They say they'll stand by your side in the fight,
But disappear when darkness swallows the light.
In the end, when the storm clouds brew,
It's only you who cares about you.

Your heart beats loud in a world so cold,
Fighting for freedom, for courage untold.
Betrayed by the ones you thought were near,
But rising again, with no more fear.

Because strength isn't found in the hand you're dealt,
It's forged in the fire of all you've felt.
When the world turns its back, cold and untrue,
Remember, it's only you who cares about you.

The scars you carry, the weight you bear,
The only one truly aware, is you, right there.
Through the chaos and through the strife,
You're the one writing your own life.

So fight for yourself, for the dreams you hold,
In the end, it's your story to be told.
Through it all, when the skies fade to blue,
You'll know—it was always you, who cared for you.

Choices

In a world where life unfolds,
Not every dream is shaped by molds.
Some choose paths where children don't tread,
Seeking other ways to forge ahead.

Dreams of riches floating high,
Ambitions soaring to the sky.
A legacy built in thoughts and deeds,
No cries, no cradles—just self-led needs.

Painful memories, silent cries,
Escaping aches that paralyze.
No motherhood's call will pull one near,
For the body holds no space for fear.

Hands once burdened with sibling care,
Years spent in love, yet unaware
That this heart no longer seeks
To bear the weight of life's long peaks.

The weight of life, the cost too high,
Walking paths where peace can lie.
Serene and steady, free and still,
No nursery to shape the will.

Sorrow lingers in the heart,
For life that came, too soon to part.
The joy of being an aunt will do,
No child to bear, no pain to rue.

A soldier's heart, firm and strong,
Sees life's battles stretch too long.
Why bring more into this fight?
Simplicity calls, and so does light.

Content in a quiet space,
Seeing children as a foreign grace.
Nice, perhaps, but not for me,
A choice made clear and silently.

Witnessed love unevenly fight,
The weight of motherhood's heavy plight.
No desire to bear that load,
A journey chosen, her own road.

Joker

Oh, Joker returned with a vision so bold,
A story of torment, in chaos retold.
They sought to go deeper, to challenge the mind,
But sometimes in art, the gold's hard to find.

Joker still shines with his fractured soul,
A performance so heavy, it takes quite a toll.
He danced through the madness, tried something new,
But it's hard to see brilliance when boxed in a view.

They paired him with Harley, wild and free,
But chemistry sometimes is just hard to see.
A musical twist, a daring new feat,
Though it stumbles, it dared to step off the street.

The pacing felt slow, but was it by choice?
To linger on pain, to give suffering voice?
Not every tale needs to thrill with a sprint,
Some whisper their message, more subtle in print.

Yes, critics have scorned, and fans felt betrayed,
But wasn't it worth seeing risks being played?
Art's not perfection, it's messy and raw,
Even when flawed, there's beauty in flaw.

So maybe this Folie was hard to embrace,
But cinema's canvas is a vast, endless space.
For every missed step, there's passion to show,
And in this, perhaps, the film found its glow.

Death

Death be not proud
Though some have called thee mighty and dreadful
Though art not so...

For time, too, shall fade and with it thy reign,
A fleeting shadow, powerless and vain.
The grave holds no fear, nor earth’s final call—
Thy seeming power but an empty thrall.
As dawn conquers night, so life shall prevail,
And in that light, thy force must ever fail.

Love

Some women think they’ve gotta
get swollen,
bust open,
split wide,
to feel love for real—
like it’s buried deep inside a baby’s first cry,
somewhere between spit-up and diapers.

They see it in the glossy-eyed mothers,
pushing strollers down cracked sidewalks,
like a rite of passage,
an initiation into something they can't touch
unless they give life.

But love isn’t a womb thing.
It’s not in the blood,
not wrapped up in a soft bundle of pink.
Love’s a fistfight,
a late-night cigarette,
and the way the sky breaks open
just before dawn.

Some women tear themselves apart
thinking they’ve gotta prove it—
that love comes with the stretch marks
and the cries at midnight.
But love’s got its own way of showing up,
whether you bear it
or let it go.

Mind.

what a terrible thing a mind is, full of cracks, like a cheap sidewalk that hasn't seen love in decades. you feed it, fill it with dreams, whiskey-soaked promises, and lies you tell yourself at midnight when the walls are closing in.
it chews you up, spits you out, tells you things you don’t want to hear— like how that last kiss was just a deal, a lousy handshake disguised as love.
it keeps you awake, makes you chase shadows when you should be asleep or chasing something real.
a mind can kill a man long before his body dies, drown him in a bottle of scotch, or leave him staring at a TV screen waiting for the world to make sense like some punchline you forgot.
what a terrible thing a mind is, always hungry, never satisfied, always wanting more, even when more is the last thing you need.
but hell, what else do we have but this mess of thoughts, this cluttered attic of broken promises and the strange, sad hope that maybe, just maybe, it’ll be worth it in the end.

Clothes

My clothes grow weary, year by year,
Frayed at the edges, threads unclear.
Their colors fade, their fibers thin,
A silent end, where must I begin?

Each shirt, each pants, each pair of shoes,
A chapter written, now to lose.
They speak of laughter, tears, and days,
Memories stitched in countless ways.

Wouldn't it be grand if time stood still,
If fabric defied both wear and will?
A closet eternal, garments anew,
Each season pristine, yet timeless too.

No need for shopping, no need for change,
No seams to unravel, no fit to rearrange.
The scarf would stay bold, the jacket, intact,
A life uninterrupted by wear or fact.

Yet perhaps, it's in the wearing thin,
That stories of life truly begin.
The threadbare sleeve, the patched-up knee,
Speak of resilience, history, and me.

I'll mourn when my clothes must part,
Struggle to embrace the new with an open heart.
For in every stitch, time will unfold,
And so many stories are yet to be told.

Macrinus

In Rome's shadow, Macrinus stands,
A man of schemes with iron hands.
Bitter, cold, his heart of steel,
Fueled by the rage he dares not feel.

He strikes with malice, proud and bold,
Power-hungry, with ambitions cold.
Yet vengeance deep, the silent lie,
Breeds not peace, but darkened sky.

And so his foe, with calmer breath,
Knows a truth beyond Macrinus' death:
That wounds don't heal through mirrored scorn,
But by the peace the strong are born.

"To be unlike him who caused your pain,"
Is the emperor's mantra, a higher gain.
No vengeance sought, no wrath's deceit,
Only strength in restraint complete.

In silent honor, he'll rise above,
His armor forged in patience and love.
For revenge takes shape not in the sword,
But in living a life the heart adored.

And so, in Rome, the lesson stands,
Power wanes in selfish hands.
A conqueror's path, so plain to see:
To let go of hate and simply be free.

Slopes

There’s a slope we find, quiet underfoot,
Its slope only whispers, soft and unseen,
A pebble rolls forward, thoughts waver, then root,
An inch gained from good, by what could have been.

Choice by choice, like dim stars, flicker and fade,
The self slips slowly, forgetting the start,
Dreams that once held us in brilliant cascade
Collapse, like pale stones worn brittle by heart.

To be is the task, yet reason grows frail,
The slope seems smooth, and the purpose less clear,
Each step shapes the self, each stumble prevails—
The weight of our acts is heavier here.

The soul shades its color, sinking in shade,
Surrendered to actions that spiral and slide,
Becoming an absence by choices we made,
The cost of each fall borne further inside.

Evil, no thing nor creature, just slope—
That slope, where our values slip quietly low,
What was it, that was?—just flickers of hope,
Not black nor white, just the grays we let grow.

Cordura

In Cordura’s dust, where valor wanes,
A band of men bears silent chains—
For courage and cowardice intertwine,
Two sides of fear, both yours and mine.

Heroes sought, medals to pin,
Yet beneath each chest, the heart within
Beats with doubts, with hidden fright,
Masked by bravery's fleeting light.

One man sent to find the bold,
To praise the deeds by stories told,
Yet he too bears a secret shame,
Afraid to speak, afraid to name.

For courage comes with coward’s shade,
A truth denied, a debt unpaid;
We march as both, brave and weak,
Strength in silence, afraid to speak.

In Cordura’s sands, beneath the sun,
Cowards and heroes merge as one—
The fear we hide, the strength we show,
A battle within we barely know.

So here we stand, flawed and whole,
Cowards in heart, heroes in soul;
For every man, the line is thin,
Between courage shown and fear within.

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The clock ticks loud, but I don’t flinch,
don’t bow, don’t break, don’t give an inch.
I’ll love this fate, bruises and scars,
still standing tall in smoky bars.

Memento mori, death’s a grin,
but life’s a fight, so let’s begin.
I'll drink my coffee, watch the dawn,
not scared of time, it’s just a con.

Virtue? Sure, I’ll play that card,
but don’t mistake me for a bard.
I’ve lived, I’ve lost, I’ve had my say,
and I’ll keep laughing all the way.

So let the days come, hit your mark,
I’ll roll the dice and light the spark.
No time to dwell, no time to weep,
just live the ride, and love the leap.

Whores

They stand on the corner, lipstick smeared like blood, cigarettes dangling, a smirk that knows every lie a man's ever told.

Cheap perfume and tired eyes, they've danced with the devil, kissed the night's teeth, and walked home alone more times than they'd care to count.

Men come like shadows,
crumpled bills in sweaty palms, empty promises in whiskey breath. They laugh in the dark, laugh at the world, at themselves,
because what else is there?

You call them whores, but what does it matter? They've seen the truth,
know it in their bones, wear it like a second skin.

And you, you pretend to live,
but they—they survive, in the gutters, in the alleys, in the dark, where no one sees.

They don't need your pity, don't need your shame. They're more alive in those moments, than you've ever been in your whole goddamn life.

Eulogy

In the dawn of days, when dreams were young,
He stood with fervor, passion strong,
A beacon in the heart of sand and sun,
Where waves whispered tales of where he belonged.

From youthful halls, a boy became a man,
With boundless energy and a visionary's plan,
He joined the dance of work's grand parade,
Here first his legacy was laid.

But it was there, where he'd find his stride,
A legend born in seven miles' tide,
Where laughter, joy, and memories intertwined,
In every event, his spirit enshrined.

In black, with a smile so bright,
He wove together days and nights,
Bringing to life the dreams of many,
With a heart as vast as the Caribbean sea.

His loss, a void in an industry's core,
For Steven's like will be seen no more,
Yet in each sunset, in the ocean's spray,
His spirit lingers, guiding the way.

For nearly four decades, he gave his all,
To the island's call, to every festival ball,
Now, as we bid farewell, tears in our eyes,
We celebrate a life that soared the skies.

The era ends, but his legacy remains,
In every laugh, in every rain,
We honor the man who gave so much,
And feel the warmth of his eternal touch.

Rest now, your journey complete,
In the paradise you helped to make so sweet,
May the winds of the islands carry your name,
In the annals, forever your fame.

Who Does?

Beneath the neon's haunting glow,
A dream takes shape, a life to know.
Eyes like amber, deep and wide,
She walks a world where truths collide.

Her song, a whisper, soft and clear,
A memory etched, though forged, sincere.
Her laughter lingers, though fleeting still,
A fragile bloom on a windswept hill.

Too bad she won't live, they coldly say,
Yet none endure the endless day.
Each soul a flicker, brief and bright,
A fragile thread in eternal night.

If life's but moments stitched in air,
Does it matter who or where?
For in her gaze, a spark was born,
A love that pierced the coming storm.

So sing, Rachel, though time may fray,
Your song remains where shadows play.
For living's more than drawing breath—
It's daring beauty in the face of death.

Soursop

Life is a Soursop!

Because it's a cruel joke played by the universe, filled with suffering, and heartbreak.
But isn’t that like saying a Soursop is just sour?
Life is full of beauty—love, music, sunsets, puppies,
and the joy of eating a perfectly ripe Soursop.

The truth is, life has both sweet and sour—
sometimes it’s frustrating, but when it’s just right, it’s amazing!

Ah, the false joys of life!
The Soursop will eventually rot!
The love you cherish? Temporary!
Even the stars will one day burn out!
Everything is doomed!

But that’s what makes it special!
The fact that things don’t last forever is why we cherish them.
Plus, Soursops exist with all their sweetness,
and that alone is proof that life is not only sour.

Soursop is good...

Because, let’s face it, life is a Soursop, and that’s hard to beat!